

Daddy's Home

Big Daddy Kane

"You know daddy's home."
Yeah baby! Get them sounds up Action
Alright L.G. baby make the track move one time
"You know daddy's home."
Uh-huh, now dig this here right
Now I can remember one time I said,
"It's eighty-eight, time to set em straight right?" (word up)
What we gotta do is see what we got in store for ninety-four
As I continue to give you more
"You know daddy's home."
This is how we gonna try to bring it to you one time
Uhh, and I go, and I go
"You know daddy's home."

Peace peace y'all, don't eat grease y'all, huh
A Brooklyn nigga representin the East y'all, come follow me now
I get down for my crown with new found wreck
And bring the noise like I'm comin to soundcheck
The stage is clear for me to rock it
So I snatch the mic like a Brooklyn nigga does a pocket
Clear the throat, to perform the art
To treat the stage like a movie ticket and rip it apart
Watch the crowd burst from lyrics that I say
To make the brothers get ill, and by the way Dukes
If that's your girl in the corner stay up on her
'Cause I've been watchin the morgue, then the Korean store owner
(Whoo!) Mack man number one, you know how I move
You'd think that I'd be shavin my rhmes, cause they'd be so smooth
Mr. Wonderful and all of that gun to pull shit
That you be talkin nigga don't even run the bull
'Cause if I roll on you kid, I do the body rude
Like the cops did on umm... that Rodney dude
Peep it!

"Welcome to a new Terrordome
When I come to roam you know daddy's home."
Watch out now!

Just like Sylvester it's still on, get it?

Still, on, fukkit, let's move along
I rip shop, in hip-hop, to sew it like a ziplock
To get props, in this spot, look at me at the tip-top
The kid got, to get hot, you thought that I would flip-flop
Or drop-drop, but ummmmmmmmmmm.. I did not!
They say, "Kane you're old school out here!"
I said, "I guess I got left back, cause I ain't goin nowhere"
The Kane will remain in this domain
To reign again when I entertain
'Cause when it comes to lyrics, I got plenty black
I'm so god damn dope, I sell rhymes in a twenty sack
The microphone pusher man but not drug related
Hip-Hop orientated, keepin you captivated
Mr. Cee cuts, I linger through em, Larry is singin to em
And oh me, I just bring it to em